

TV1000 PRESENTS

(Crossing Jordan Intro)

CROSSING JORDAN

WOMAN: She-bang! That's pretty cool, right?

BOY: Mm-hmm.

WOMAN: That doesn't happen very often, you know.

BOY: I know.

WOMAN: You won. You b*at me!

BOY: Uh-huh.

WOMAN: You want to play again? Fine. Whatever. Knock yourself out.

(WOMAN SCREAMING)

(WOMAN SCREAMS)

NIGEL: Boston is indeed the best place to die in this country. State of the art technology allows our medical examiners and criminologists to provide cutting edge service. By eliminating toe tags and switching to a barcode system, every aspect of each case, each body, can now be tracked through one central computer. And the next generation of forensic tools like the trace evidence concentrator, or Tracey as I like to call her, allow us to determine cause of death in 99.1% of our homicides, allowing families to grieve and to move on as best as is humanly possible. Boston welcomes the American Medical Examiners Association. What do you think?

CAM: The song's a bit much, right? I told him.

NIGEL: What are you talking about? It's perfect.

CAM: It's too much.

NIGEL: Over the top, way too much.

WOMAN/MAN: That said, I think we may just beat Miami this year.

(ALL LAUGHING)

NIGEL: Yes!

KAIBA: We've been waiting three years for this. Get lots of sleep tonight, fellas. And Nigel, keep the tie, it's a nice touch. Judges will be in the conference room 9am

sharp. Presentation, inspect the morgue, check out autopsy findings against the bodies.

BUG: Does Jordan know about the time change?

ELAINE: No, let's leave Jordan out of this. We all remember what a disaster her presentation was last year. Those lame jokes.

JORDAN: 11am, right?

KAIBA/ELAINE: What?

JORDAN: Our big presentation tomorrow.

KAIBA/JORDAN/ELAINE: Yep, 11 o'clock.

JORDAN: I thought my show and tell last year was really effective. But this year, I'm thinking of throwing in a few more jokes 'cause they love that stuff.

KAIBA: Absolutely. Keep them laughing. Listen, I gotta get out of here, I'm a nervous wreck. So 11 o'clock. See you then.

JORDAN: Okay.

KAIBA: What in the world are you looking at?

JORDAN: This tattoo here.

ELAINE: Okay, what about it?

JORDAN: My dad has one identical to it. Same spot, right ankle. That's Joe Pacaski.

ELAINE: Yeah, you know him?

JORDAN: Yeah, he was a cop with my dad. How'd he die?

KAIBA: They found him on a bridge this morning. He drowned.

JORDAN: My dad should know about this.

ELAINE: Still no word from him?

JORDAN: No. I hired that private eye friend of Nigel's. Paid him two grand. Haven't heard a word.

KAIBA: Ooh.

JORDAN: You know, Kaiba, could you try to track down Charlie Krueg. He was Joe's partner on the force. Leave the number on my desk, I want to call him first thing in the morning.

KAIBA: Okay, I'll do it right now.

JORDAN: Great, thanks.

ELAINE: No problem.

WOODY: Jordan, I want you to say it.

JORDAN: Say what?

WOODY: You're avoiding me.

JORDAN: Why would I be doing that?

WOODY: Ever since we got back from LA, and I think it's time that we talked about this.

JORDAN: What this?

WOODY: Us. Jordan, come on.

JORDAN: All right, fine. You know what? You're right. We really should be adult about this.

WOODY: Good. That's great. I'm just gonna go grab a ballistics report from Bug. Wait here for me, I'll drive. We'll go grab a drink or something.

JORDAN: No, that's a bad idea.

WOODY: Me drinking or me driving?

JORDAN: We should take separate cars. I mean, that way we just avoid the whole "I'll drop you off at your place" kind of thing.

WOODY: You're k*ll me, Jordan.

JORDAN: JB's, half an hour. I'll meet you there.

KAIBA/ELAINE: Hello, Jordan.

JORDAN: Do I know you?

KAIBA: No. I'm looking for your father.

JORDAN: My father, why?

ELAINE: Let's just say he owes me something.

JORDAN: You know what? I think you've got the wrong person because I really have no idea where he is.

ELAINE: See now, I think you do.

JORDAN: Who are you?

KAIBA: See, I think you're gonna tell me.

JORDAN: This conversation is over. I'm getting in my car and I'm driving away.

KAIBA: Make no mistake. I'm gonna k*ll Max, one way or the other.